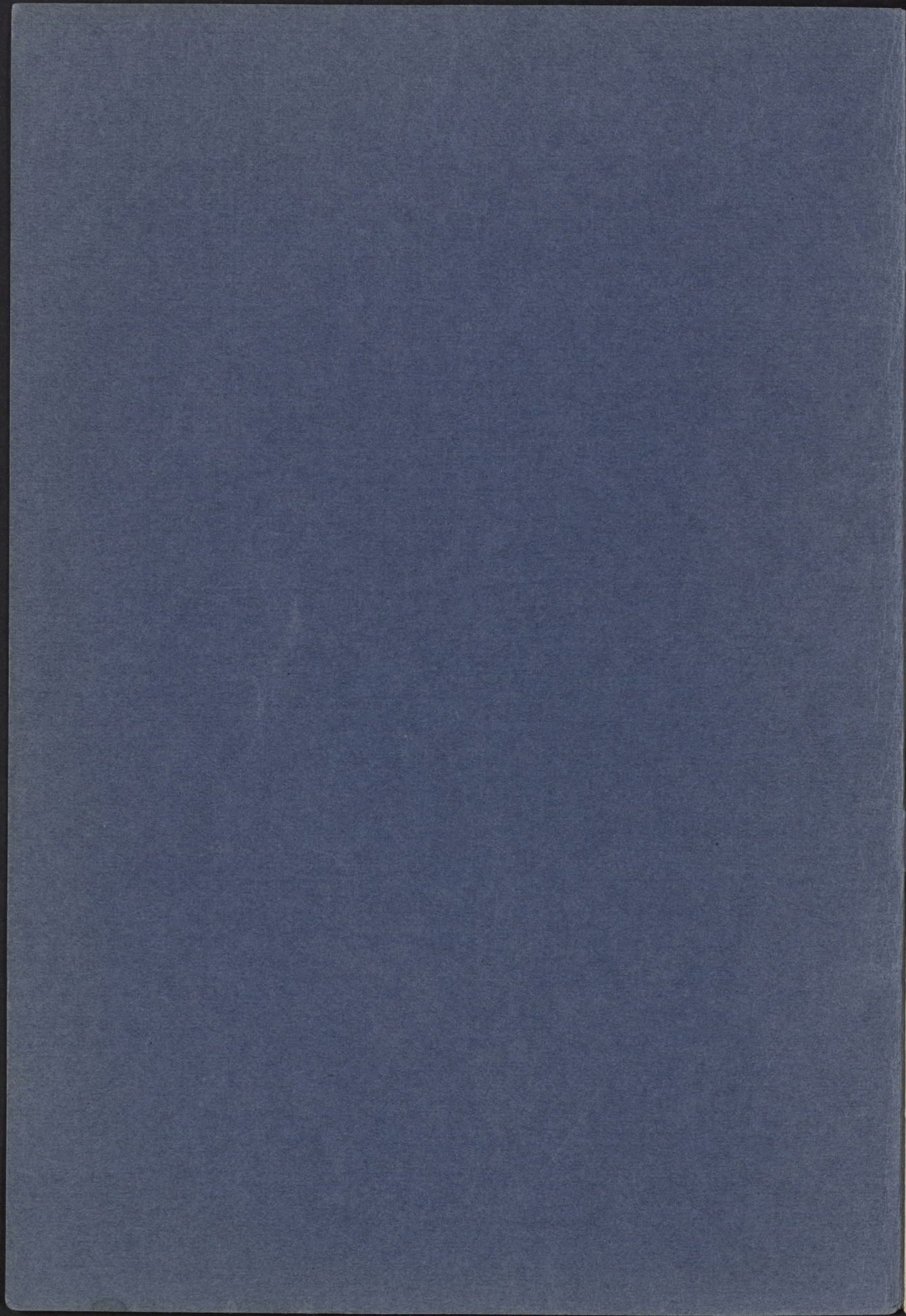




*SENIOR*

*JOURNAL*







Museum of Local H.



# Senior Journal


Class of 1909

Centennial High School

Staff

Editor-in-Chief	John C. D. Smith
Business Manager	John C. D. Smith
The members of the staff	John C. D. Smith





# *Senior Journal*

*By the*

*Class of 1909*

*of*

*Centerville High School*

## *Staff.*

*Editor-in-chief,*

*Lillian C. G. Sandholdt*

*Business Manager,*

*Austin D. Ellis*

*Assistants,*

*The members of the class*

*Artist,*

*Charles L. Bez*





To our esteemed principal  
**George Whitfield Wright**  
the Class of Nineteen Hundred Nine  
dedicate this "Journal"





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UNION HIGH SCHOOL No. 2'

## Commencement

May 28, 1908

Spanish Silhouettes,

C. E. Pomery

Masonic Home Orchestra

Invocation,

Rev. Father Leal

Violin Solo,

Miss Beatrice Lernhart

Vocal Solo, *Because d'Hardelot*,

Mr. R. O. Moyer

Address,

Dr. William Rader

Mandolin Solo, *Natoma*,

Miss Grace Haensel

Presentation of Diplomas

Mr. J. C. Shinn  
Pres. of Trustees

*"The Butterfly"*,

Masonic Home Orchestra



Should you ask us why this journal  
Why these stories and fine writing,  
With the odor of the schoolroom,  
With the frequent high-flown language;  
With its air of great importance,  
Seeking thus to make impressions,  
On a wise indulgent public,  
We should answer, we should tell you,  
Straightway in such words as follows:  
"We, 'the naughty-nines,' as seniors,  
Now commencing on life's journey,  
Wish to show you we do credit  
To the school you all take pride in,  
To the teachers who have labored  
Thus to cram our heads with knowledge,  
Both the politics and history  
Of the Ancients and the Moderns.  
Trig and algebra and grammar,  
English, spelling and book-keeping,  
French and German, Greek and Latin,  
Physics, chemistry and geo.,  
With a few more for good measure.  
Do you wonder we are boastful?  
That we strut with chest thrown outward?  
Prune our plumage, gaze around us;  
Wonder if the other seniors  
Could have known as much as we do?  
These our reasons for this journal,  
As we start on life's commencement.  
Taking up our untried armor,  
Boastingly we gird it on us,  
Keen to fight life's many battles.  
May we later, when experience  
Adds unto our knowledge, wisdom,  
Lay it down with pride and honor."

EMILY YATES MOWRY.





HAWLEY W. BEARD   CLARA E. HAENSEL   FRANK BERNARDO  
 LILLIAN C. G. SANDHOLDT   AUSTIN D. ELLIS  
 CHARLES L. BEZ   EMILY YATES MOWRY   DEAN B. PRESTON



# Class History

## BOOK I.

### Lamentations of 'og's.

#### CHAPTER 1.

1. And it happened that in the 15th year there appeared at the High School a great class.

2. And verily it was in many ways great.

3. For it numbered no less than one score, ten and three.

4. And each of these was a wise scholar and mighty was his head, for he was just come victorious from a great field of struggle.

5. And many had been the contestants and multitudes had fallen by the wayside.

6. And now did he majestically march forward to receive his spoils.

7. And behold, as he marched the people made way for him and gazed wonderingly toward him.

8. But he flinched not for he knew that many eyes were upon him and he must appear wise.

9. And being held in this wise on his way, so did he expect to be regarded in this institution which he thought was to bring a crown of joy unto him.

#### CHAPTER 2.

1. But it came to pass that when this great class neared the place of learning they did discern small groups of people.

2. And these people were strangers and stood near strange buildings.

3. And when the new ones had come, Lo! there arose shouts and laughter in a great tumult.

4. And from all directions was heard "Hello, SCRUBS!"

5. And the "scrubs" blushed to be

thus ridiculed and hurried within.

6. And when they were inside strange walls confronted them.

7. And everywhere were doors; and they were puzzled and knew not which way to go.

8. And as they stood there they did notice one door open and through this they did pass.

9. And they seated themselves and waited.

10. And soon there appeared unto them a teacher and spoke unto them and told what should be done.

11. And when the teacher had finished they went their way as was bidden them.

#### CHAPTER 3.

1. And it came to pass that on the second day they again saw the people of the day before.

2. And again were they jeered.

3. And they grew angry but said naught and went about their studies.

4. And at noon they learned these strange people were SENIORS and they waxed brave and drew near, seeking wisdom.

5. And on a sudden they were seized by the SENIORS.

6. And the SENIORS took them and placed their heads in the horse trough.

7. And when this was done they took them and made them run the gauntlet lest they should take cold.

8. And the scrubs were sore at heart to be thus treated, but they went their way in silence.

9. And each day it was the same.

10. But some days the scrubs would only be jeered and laughed at.

11. And the weeks wore on and



Latin was hard and Algebra brought many a troubled hour.

12. And the scrubs longed for the time when they should no longer be scrubs.

13. And so the poor creatures, struggled on and oft were piled or given the French rub until they learned meekness.

14. But to all things there is an end, and after ten long months their time of tribulation passed, and never could their woes return, for Lo! vacation was at hand.

## BOOK II.

### Revelations.

#### CHAPTER 1.

1. And the vacation passed, and when the day came for the return to their studies the scrubs of the year before betook themselves to wheels and buggies and made their way to the house of learning.

2. But Lo! They were no longer scrubs. They had grown in body and mind, and were worthy to be called Juniors.

3. And many had been unable to withstand the unexpected seriousness of their position, and their number had dropped to one score.

4. And now they came back and looked into the courses of study and made their selection.

5. And then they settled down and great was their interest in their work.

6. They traced Caesar through Gaul, and pondered tirelessly over problems in Geometry.

7. They feared no one and went their way unmolested.

#### CHAPTER 2.

1. And the SENIORS were busy with the new scrubs and they did not notice the Juniors.

2. And the Juniors stood back and

smiled to see others treated as they had been the year before.

3. But they were not to stand long.

4. For they realized that among them was material for athletics.

5. And they donned football regalia and went onto the gridiron.

6. And among them was a man named Beard.

7. And he was large and heavy.

8. And the prowess of Beard was discovered and he was trained in the art.

9. And it came to pass that the team this year was a mighty one.

10. And Beard was selected for the line.

11. And many and hard were the struggles, but the foundation of Beard was builded upon a rock.

12. And when the season came for running the Juniors were again ready to take part.

13. And among them was a man named Bez.

14. And his legs were strong and long and his wind likewise.

15. And his prowess was acknowledged and a place made for him on the team.

16. And among the Juniors was a man named Preston.

17. And he played baseball.

18. And quick was his eye and steady was his hand.

19. And his prowess was acknowledged and he was given a place on the team.

#### CHAPTER 3.

1. And so the class of '09 skimmed through the work of the Junior year.

2. And the studies were hard but the class was interested and worked diligently on.

3. And behold there was but one forced to leave them.

4. And it came to pass that near



the end there came a woman applying for admission to this great class.

5. And her name was Emi Lou.

6. And worldly was her wisdom, and happy was the class to have its ranks thus filled.

7. And thus ended the second year.

### BOOK III.

#### Book of Judges.

##### CHAPTER I.

1. And when they had rested for two months the 'og's came back to make another dive into the River of Learning.

2. And now there were those who were certain of graduating.

3. And these were desirous of showing their colors.

4. And accordingly a meeting was called and a vote taken.

5. And it came to pass that the colors selected were Royal Blue and Oxford Gray.

6. And they were pleasing to the eyes of the Middlers.

7. And they bought jerseys and fobs, and sported them about the grounds.

8. And it happened that the graduating class this year contained but two boys.

9. And these were studious and cared little to struggle for supremacy of class colors.

10. So the supporters of the Blue and Gray sought elsewhere for an accepting of their challenge.

11. And it came to pass that the Juniors felt strong.

12. And they accepted the challenge.

13. And many were the strifes and undecided the outcomes.

14. But the Middlers were determined to leave their mark somewhere.

15. And the evidence of their success stands even unto this day on the

roof of the shed.

16. And the Juniors were beaten.

##### CHAPTER 2.

1. And as the Senior class was small it fell to the Middlers to fill the largest part of the gap in athletics.

2. And football was almost a failure, as the team was light.

3. But the Running team was a fitting successor to the previous one.

4. And of the five runners, three were of the class of 'og.

5. So the Middlers contributed their share and no blame was theirs for the all-round poor showing.

6. Meanwhile the studies were pressing them to hard work.

7. And towards the end it happened that one named Burt did leave them.

8. And sad were the 'og's to lose him.

9. And they gave him a party and bade him farewell.

10. And during this year it happened that three of the Alumni challenged the school to a debate.

11. And the teachers chose three of the 'og class to give answer to the challenge.

12. And hard did they toil for the question was worldly.

13. But Lo! in the end they rejoiced, for unto them was victory, so spoke the judges.

14. And glad was the school of their success.

15. And the Senior class this year gave a play.

16. And as their boys were but two in number they asked the boys of the Middle class to give aid.

17. And these were glad and helped them with exceeding good cheer.

18. And good was the play and the 'og's thought that perhaps they could give another when the hour should come for their departure.



## BOOK IV.

## Or Exodus of '09.

## CHAPTER 1.

1. And now the time had come when they were Seniors.

2. But they were not the great class of one score, ten and three, for their number had fallen even to eight.

3. And these eight met and elected their officers and then settled down.

4. And they knew that there were only ten more months of struggle before them until they should be ready to leave the scene of their joys and sorrows.

5. But the thoughts of the end did not keep them from their studies and they labored on.

6. And the months passed quickly and no time was found for play or class jinks.

7. And it came to pass that towards the end they decided to publish an account of themselves.

8. And this book would be their monument to the world.

9. And they met again and elected the officers.

10. And these officers went busily to work to make it a success.

11. And great was the labor but good the financial support of the business men of the country round about.

12. And the material for the paper was slowly collected.

13. And much was the arguing concerning the contents.

14. But at last it was finished and given to the world.

## CHAPTER 2.

1. And now their course was finished.

2. Their High School life was over and it was the same old story.

3. For when they had reached the long-looked-for goal they grieved to leave the scene of so many long hours of toil.

4. How hard would it be to forget those easily acquired habits.

5. And it came to pass that on the last day a Senior roamed about the basement.

6. And bowed was his head and far away his mind.

7. And a Scrub chanced along and inquired the trouble.

8. And the Senior answered and said unto him.

9. "Hear, Oh Scrub, the advice I speak into your ears this day.

10. "Go thou among thy mates, but be unto them not as a Scrub.

11. "Grow old in this hour of warning and put away childish things.

12. "Devote thyself to thy work for thou wilt realize towards the end how little thou didst know.

13. "Seize the opportunities which are yours, for they are golden.

14. "And entreat me not to stay with thee or to return and follow thee, for whither thou goest I can no longer go.

15. "And now farewell to thee and thine, dear old Centerville, farewell!"

16. And the Scrub pondered these things well in his mind.

17. And so passed '09.

AUSTIN D. ELLIS.



## Spirit of '09

Our class colors are Blue and Gray. The reader may think that Blue and Gray are too dull and do not harmonize, but perhaps you have not seen that shade of blue put with gray which made our pennant have such a striking appearance. If you did not see our pennant you missed a sight well worth remembering. It was formed in a triangular shape half blue and half gray. You are wondering why I speak of it in the past? I am sorry to say that it is no more, and will tell you later how this happened.

We were eager to display this pennant and often consulted each other about the best place to hang it. In taking this into consideration we had to be careful to put it out of the reach of the boys of the other classes. During the last two years of our High School career we have been the only class that has tried to display a pennant or class numerals and consequently the other classes have taken great pride in defeating our effort. We often tried to persuade them to put up something just to see how quickly we could get it down, but they never did.

After due consideration we decided to hang our emblem on the lower telephone wire that leads from a telephone pole on the street to the belfry of the High School. Four of the boys agreed to come and put it up on a certain night. They had set the hour, but it happened that two of the boys came about an hour earlier than the others, hung it up and went home.

You may wonder how they got it up there, so I will tell you in as few words as possible. In former years bats had entered the opening between the two outer walls of the building where the chimneys were set. A frame structure was set up around the chimneys to close the opening and keep the bats out. They climbed up this structure and gained the roof. From here they climbed to the belfry, hung the pennant on the telephone wire and threw it out about fifty feet from the building by means of a rock.

This was done by the first two boys, but the second came later with a different scheme altogether. They noticed the pennant and knew that some '09 boys had been there before them so they proceeded to work out their own plan. They brought some paint along with them and painted an '09 on the roof of the shed that lies back of the school. They also nailed an old board window on the frame of a swing in the school yard, and painted an '09 on it. So when they left, the '09 colors were on display in three places on the school grounds.

On coming to school the next day we were surprised to see that our pennant had been taken down and the whole school was greatly astonished to see the '09 on the roof of the shed and on the swing frame. Some of the boys of the other classes made several unsuccessful attempts to unnailed the window and at last they gave it up. When more of the boys arrived they began to throw rocks at it and succeeded in breaking it to pieces. We did not worry much about this for we knew that it would be impossible for them to take the '09 that was on the roof.



We asked the janitor if he had seen the pennant on the wire when he came in the morning, but he said he had not. When we turned to go he called us back and told us he had seen it up against the belfry, so he climbed up, took it off and left it in the belfry. No one knew that we had set up the pennant except the class and the janitor so we kept this part of the night's work quiet.

Our principal did not like what we had done. When the pupils were dismissed for classes he called a meeting of the '09 boys in the hall. Half of the roof of the shed had been resingled but was left unpainted. The '09 was on the unpainted portion so he told us to paint the roof of the shed from the edge of the old roof to the outer edge of the apostrophe of our numerals and not to return to class until this was done.

We protested and argued but to no avail, so we cheerfully undertook to obtain the necessary material which none of us possessed. As it would cost too much to buy the ready-made paint we decided to buy the material and make it ourselves.

We marched up to the store to do our shopping. We bought five pounds of metallic red, one quart of boiled oil and a paint brush. But just think how foolish we were to undertake to mix five pounds of metallic red and one quart of boiled oil. When we reached school again we put the metallic red in a larger can and then poured in the oil. We had to laugh at our own foolishness for the oil would not even wet the powder. Two of the boys went to town again and bought a gallon of kerosene because boiled oil cost too much. This was sufficient to mix the powder, so we made the paint. The janitor gave us a paint bucket that had some red paint in it. For practise we painted some more '09 on the roof.

The roof we had to paint was about 50 feet long and 20 feet wide. There were six boys of us, so we divided the roof into six parts so each one could paint his share. We had but one brush, so only one could paint at a time. By noon only one of the sections was painted. Our principal saw that the work was proceeding rather slowly, so he loaned us a brush. We ran out of paint when we had about two sections to paint. We wanted to paint this part so that the '09 would reappear. A great deal of powder had precipitated in the bottom of the bucket, so we got some alcohol and mixed it. Of course the alcohol would evaporate and the powder would be washed off by the rain. With this mixture we painted the rest of the roof. If you happen to come to our school do not forget to look at the roof of the shed for several '09's have reappeared. We finished the job exactly at 3:15, when school was dismissed, so we did not attend school that day.

All day long our penant had been waving proudly on the roof of the shed without being disturbed, because there was always some one to guard it. During the intermissions we had plenty of spectators at the windows of the school and some even had to come outside to take a look at the wonderful proceedings. We felt that we had been very successful in impressing '09 strength and spirit upon the school.

The last display we made of our banner was again on the telephone wire. This time we arranged the details a little differently. We nailed the flag to



a small board and tied two pieces of insulated wire to each end. We entered the school through one of the basement windows. The windows are covered with wire screens, but it happened that on that very day one was knocked off by a basket-ball hitting against it and was not nailed on again. We wrapped the insulated wire tightly around the telephone wire so that it could not be slid along the wire. We passed a long cord over the stick and let both ends fall to the ground. One of us went down and after strenuous efforts succeeded in drawing the pennant out about 80 feet from the building.

For two days it waved proudly, resenting all the attempts to take it down. The first day one of the boys tried to take it down by sliding it along the wire, but was unsuccessful.

On the third day we found that the pennant was down. On examining the telephone pole we found that the wire had been cut and this told the tale. The boys that took it down did not act fair with us. Instead of keeping it as a trophy they tore it up in pieces and distributed it among the pupils. The proudest pupils at school were those who wore the stripes of Blue and Gray. Our colors were widely advertised for about two weeks. This excitement died down in a short while but the memory of our pennant will remain with us forever.

FRANK BERNARDO.

#### PARODY ON THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

At commencement of Centerville High,  
When the students wise have gone,  
Then the class of aught nine does sigh;  
Relief makes the most of them yawn:  
Under the fear they'll be pinched,  
Waiting the end of their class  
Under this fear, the cinched,  
Over this fear, the passed.

We in the robings of glory,  
Those in the gloom of defeat,  
All with the battle-blood gory,  
In the hall of the school building meet:  
Victors we passed, it is true,  
Scoffing the ones that delay;  
One of our colors, the blue,  
Tied to the other, the gray.

From the studies so faithfully followed  
We, sad, yet in joy depart;  
Severed a place for each friend in each heart,  
Yet a place for each friend in each heart.  
Victors we passed, it is true,  
Scoffing the ones that delay,  
Flying our colors, the blue  
Tied to the glorious gray.

LILLIAN C. G. SANDHOLDT.



## The Call of the New Minister.

It all happened to Sally Simpkins through her lack of a bump of caution. Her husband had always accused her of this defect, and she had retorted by saying that life had given her many bumps, and if this was one it denied her, she wouldn't go half way to meet it.

Sally was a nervous, energetic little woman, and with her, to think was to act. She always followed her impulses. Today her thought was innocent enough. At four o'clock in the afternoon as she sat busily sewing, she decided to make a cake. Jumping up quickly so as not to lose any more time, she dropped her sewing, and the spools, scissors and thimble rattled away under the bed without worrying Sally.

The cake she intended to make took four eggs, but there were not four eggs in the pantry, it being the season of the year when hens take a vacation and eggs are high. Perhaps, however, she would find them in the barn, and away she ran without taking a basket for carrying them back.

Now this is where the New Minister came in, but Sally did not see him.

In the barn she found five eggs, and started on her way back rejoicing, carrying two in one hand and three in the other.

The cats had a habit of tagging Sally all over the place, running before her and rubbing up against her. They went with her this time to see what she was doing, and on the return journey they annoyed her so, that while she was endeavoring to step, so as not to tread on one cat, the other ran between her feet and Sally tripped and fell. She managed to hold aloft the hand that had the three eggs in it, but the other two eggs were hopelessly smashed. Anger blazed in her eyes, the cake was impossible, and then she did a thing a woman is very seldom able to accomplish. Drawing back her hand, she threw an egg, hitting one cat squarely on the back, breaking the egg and scaring the offender so that he took refuge under the house. Her anger still blazing, she attempted to throw another at the other cat, but missed him and struck a tree instead. At that feat she heard a loud "Ha ha!" and Sally looked up into the face of the minister, standing in the path, who was convulsed with laughter. It was an awful moment for poor Sally. She rose hurriedly, and in her embarrassment crushed the remaining egg, which trickled down the front of her dress, as she stood before the stranger with flaming cheeks.

The minister certainly was rude. It would have been only polite to have given the lady warning of his presence. Now his face was working convulsively, in his efforts to control his risibles and recover his manners.

Fortunately the absurdity of the situation struck Sally, and she joined heartily in the laughter much to the minister's relief, telling him of her intention as to the cake, and her cause for anger.

The only unfortunate thing about it was that the Widow Perkins drove by just at this time and observed the unseemly mirth. She was shocked exceedingly, but put most of the blame on Sally, as the minister was young and good looking, and besides the Widow Perkins had a daughter.



Sally put on a clean apron and the minister made his call, but it was not according to rule, as it was interrupted by many an outburst of merriment. She was glad for one thing, and that was, that after such a reception the minister could not possibly question her about her soul of which Sally was never sure.

The next Sunday Sally went to church and esconced herself behind Pansy Perkins' big black hat on which the nodding violet bloomed, for she did not dare to trust herself to catch the minister's eye, nor for that matter did she trust the minister either. However, after church when he stood at the entrance shaking hands with his congregation, there was a merry little twinkle in his eye as he took Sally's hand, a detail not unnoticed by the Widow Perkins.

The minister and Sally were firm friends during all the time of his pastorate, but she never told her husband why it was.

EMILY YATES MOWRY.

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#### SONNET: TO MY BIRD

O Bead-eyes! sweetest of all birds to me,  
I marvel at thy constant cheery song.  
Thou add'st thy mite to help the day along  
By pouring forth sweet strains of melody.  
The wild birds stop and listen oft to thee,  
A little prisoner. And thy glad song  
Soars high above that of the happy throng  
Who know no cage, for thy pure soul is free.  
Thou, little messenger of truth and love,  
Art free, because the good God made you so,  
And gave to you one talent, which improved  
Added the higher gifts from heav'n above,  
Called joy, and peace, and faith, which doth but show  
That talents used with blessings are indued.

EMILY YATES MOWRY.



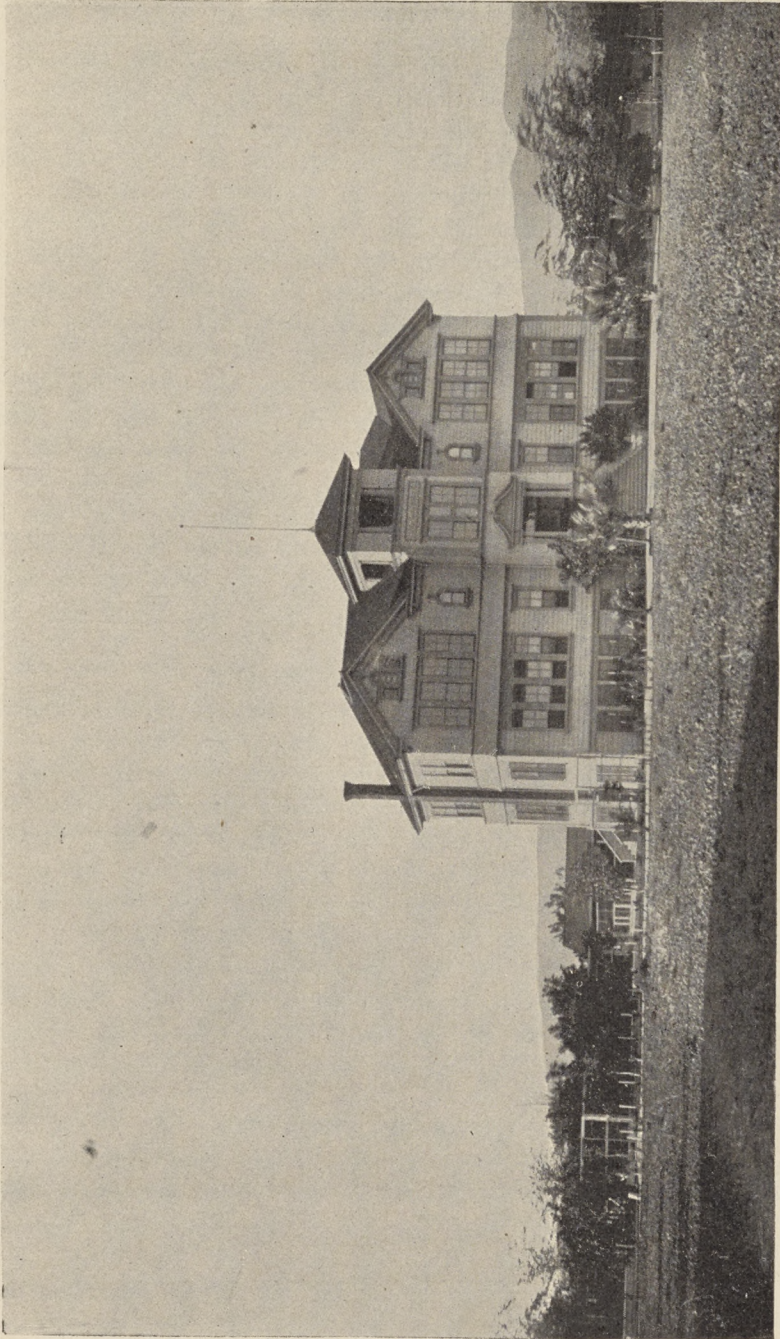
## Class Poem

Blythe and gay with cheery hearts,  
Freshmen enter Union High,  
Each one tries to take his part,  
Learning more as days go by;  
Study then is but mere play.  
As the swift years onward speed,  
Each one works with firmer will,  
Trying ever to succeed.  
Those who know what knowledge means,  
Study with an urgent will,  
Learning truths to them disclosed,  
Thus obtaining wisdom still.  
Four short years of study,  
Very soon are ended;  
Those who have completed  
All that was intended  
Leave the school with cheerful hearts,  
Glad for work expended.

Alas! for some are left behind,  
Who ever from their studies shirk,  
Who care not for the wisdom, gain'd  
And kept alone by faithful work;  
But these are just as capable  
To undertake the arduous task,  
Of patient work and industry  
But will not, should you gently ask.  
Those who've studied faithfully,  
And now must leave their school behind,  
All join hands with happy hearts,  
And love for Alma Mater kind.  
We thank thee, Alma Mater,  
For all that we have learned,  
For games we've played and friends we've made,  
And honors justly earned.  
So now we bid farewell to thee,  
Farewell, alas, Farewell.

CLARA E. HAENSEL.





UNION HIGH SCHOOL NO. 2



## Editorials

### LEAVING.

What does it mean to leave High School? It means that we have completed another period of our life, and that period a most happy one; that, having finished the course at school, we give way to others who are rising to fill our places; that now we have left to us, besides the store of learning we have acquired, only the pleasant memories of our High School life.

But, are we happy on leaving? Far from it. We have looked forward to the time when we would be Seniors, but that time, when it comes, seems to have arrived all too soon. We spend many a pleasant time together preparing for our commencement and when the time for preparation is passed one of the happiest experiences of High School life is also passed.

We take our places among the alumni of our school but many a time we long to be students of that school again. We long to assemble with our class, to enter into the activities of the school life, to renew our old friendships. How pleasant it would be, once more, to paint our numerals on the shed roof, to support our colors and show that we have the true class spirit. Perhaps that peculiar lump in the throat would be put down if we could again, when the bell rings at nine o'clock, take our seats in the dear old assembly hall, sing a verse of "The School of Jolly Boys" and then scatter to our classes as of yore.

### AIM OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The aim of the High School is to make good individual citizens, not merely to give book knowledge. Book knowledge is good provided that it is emphasized for the sake of gaining wisdom. The High School tries to encourage the desire for knowledge and wisdom but knowledge cannot be forced upon a student if he is unwilling to desire to learn. It urges this upon the student in order that he may be individual, for as he is in school, so he will be out of school. If he has been accustomed to rely upon his own judgment he will continue to do the same when he enters the broader fields of life.

The graduate, on leaving the High School, is exposed to the criticism of the world. Not only is the person criticised but also the school which he leaves. The world judges by the graduate if the school has attained its aim of creating good individual citizens and the desire for learning and wisdom.

### TO THE UNDERGRADUATES.

We are trying to make a custom of that which two classes before us have attempted. The custom to be established is publishing a journal of our High School at least once a year. Almost all other High Schools of any importance are able to do this, why not we?

The class of 1900 was the first in the history of our school to publish a book at their commencement time. They wished this to become a custom of the school and advised the succeeding classes to help make it such. The class of 1901 earnestly followed this advice, but not until 1909 has the third "annual" book appeared.

We look to you, 1910, for the next one and hope that yours will be followed by many more.



## Splashes of Wit

"And so," said a visitor one morning, while visiting the graduating class, "I see you are eight seniors." "O, no," quickly replied the class wit, "we are five Senors, two Senioritas and one Senora."

U. S. History Teacher—When is the army called out in time of peace?

Pupil—Every morning.

Teacher—Is writing up a note-book impulse or duty?

Bright Student—Neither, it is manual labor."

Sunday-school Teacher—What does baptism mean?

Infant pupil (eagerly raising her hand)—Oh, I know, there are two kinds: One you sprinkle water on the head and the other you scratch the arm and put poison in.

Roses bloom and fade away;  
Grasses sprout and grow to hay;  
But the greatest thing that comes in May  
Is the day '09 goes home to stay.

A little boy standing on the beach watching the tide go out exclaimed, "Oh, Mamma, who pulls the plug out of the ocean?"

Kindergarten Teacher—What lesson do we learn from the bee?

Little girl in the front row—Not to get stung.

"Tell me this, you bright young scholar,

How you get along so fine?"

"A rule there is which I do follow,  
'Tis that I read between each line."

Little boy (to a lady gathering caterpillars)—Now I know what a caterpillar is?

Lady—Well, my dear, what is it?

Boy—It is a worm with a sweater on."

Teacher to pupil giving talk on "The Eye"—Please explain to the class why we don't see things upside down."

Pupil—Well, we don't see things upside down; I believe the world is upside down.

Another Bright Pupil—Oh, then Heaven is down below.

Maid of High School, ere we part,  
Give me back, oh, not my heart,  
But my class cap and my "C"  
And my class pin back to me.

### We Would Like to Know—

Why, when studying heat, the physics teacher gives us ice.

Why, when studying light, she puts us in a dark room.

Why the juniors changed their colors from red and gray to red and white.

What the difference is between the way you appear to yourself in a mirror and the way you appear to others (as heard in Physics).

What makes one of our senior boys yawn so loudly every afternoon.

Why the seniors enjoy looking at the shed roof on rainy days.

What attracts a certain young man and young lady to conceal themselves behind the furnace in the basement.

What became of the seniors' extravaganza entitled, "The Orange."

Who discovered anything on top of the "rock."



# EXTRAVAGANZA

## "A Rejected Manuscript."

By LILLIAN C. G. SANDHOLDT and CHARLES L. BEZ.

### Dramatis Personae.

Naillil, president of the class.	Naed, star base-ball player.
Pat, secretary.	Peggy, class belle.
Emi Lou, class chaperone.	Batoots, member of the class.
Zeb, class wit.	Kakawah, King of all Africa.
Hiwab, all-around athlete.	Herald and followers of the King.

### ACT I.

Meeting of class of '09 in school-room after school.

Naillil—Meeting will please come to order.

Zeb—You don't say so.

Naillil—Yes I do, and this meeting must be a sensible one. We have a big piece of work before us to prepare this manuscript.

Emi Lou—Oh joy!

Pat (groans, ending in a yawn)—Oh gee, be sweet to me.

Naed—Me too.

Naillil—If the meeting will please come to order I think we may proceed.

Hiwab—That's buiness.

Zeb—That's talking to 'em.

Emi Lou—(giggles).

Naillil—In the first place this thing must be done in two weeks.

Zeb—Correct.

Pat—Well, let's hear the rest. Zeb, you shut up for awhile.

Emi Lou—Yes, if he does perhaps we can accomplish something.

Naed—Well, didn't you hear what she said?

Peggy—Oh hurry up, I have to go home.

Naillil (angry)—Well, go home. If you haven't any interest in your class  
• I don't care.

Pat—Take that.

Naed—Wasn't that a peach of a fly I caught in the game yesterday, Pat?

Pat—Oh forget it—even Zeb could put you in the shade.

Peggy—Oh Naillil, make those boys quit talking base-ball.

Hiwab—You can't expect anything else; that's all they think of.

Naed—Who are you?

Pat—What's your first name?

Naillil (stamps her foot and speaks slowly)—For the third and last time,  
this meeting will please come to order.

Zeb—Last time, fellers, cheer up.

Naillil (almost ready to cry)—This class makes me sick. You act more like  
a band of monkeys than civilized beings.

—Great authorities have investigated the matter and have found out  
that the authors of this extravaganza actually did write a manuscript which  
was rejected by the faculty.



Pat—Hear what she called you, Hiwab?

Naillil—Batoots, you seem to be the only civilized boy in the room.

Pat—Let's take a squint at him.

Naed—Perhaps we can become civilized too.

Emi Lou (aside to Zeb, who is performing some stunt)—Oh, Zeb! don't be so funny; we can't help laughing at you.

Naillil—I think this meeting had better adjourn if this is all we are going to get out of it.

Pat.—Come on, fellers, sober down, Naillil means business now.

Zeb—Surest thing you know.

Naillil—Well, our manuscript has been started, at least I have been ransacking the library for all the material I could find. Did you find anything for it yet, Naed?

Naed—No, been very busy getting those guys out to practice baseball.

Naillil— (sighs)—I guess that is about the case with all of you.

Zeb—Who has got a case?

Pat.—Oh, shut up, you Mutt!

Naillil—It seems almost impossible for us to do anything together, so I guess I will finish this thing alone.

Emi Lou—That's right; if you want to send a fool to town you may as well go yourself.

Pat—You go ahead with the thing, Naillil, and I'll help you if I can.

Naillil—Very well, and when this wonderful paper is published I hope it may be of use to the world.

Emi Lou—You had better show it to the faculty before having it printed.

Zeb—That's the death sentence. They'll kill it sure, so let's adjourn.

Hiwab (loudly)—I second the motion. (All rush for the door except Naillil and Pat, who are in deep discussion over the manuscript.)

Naillil—I think it's a shame the way this class acts. They don't seem to take any interest in anything. This is as much their work as it is ours.

Pat—Yes, they don't do anything now, but wait until the paper comes out, then you will hear some lofty kicking.

Naillil—I suppose so. However, I guess it's no use for us to worry ourselves gray over the matter. I've got to go. I have so much history to do tonight that I don't know where to start in. Good-night.

Pat—Good-night. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come.

## ACT II.

Same scene, a few days later. Manuscript has been rejected by faculty and forbidden to be published.

Zeb—Wouldn't this bump you?

Pat—No, it makes me mad.

Naillil—What's the use of trying to do anything when this is the thanks we get for it?

Emi Lou—Oh, cheer up. It doesn't do any good to act this way.

Pat—Yes, it's easy enough to say "cheer up."

Hiwab—What do they want anyway; sort o'farce, that what you mean?



Pat—Where you been? Just woke up?

Naed—I'd rather write a treatise on baseball.

Zeb—A year from today, when I look back to this I'll cuss everybody.

Pat—Ditto.

Peggy—Let's give up the whole business.

Pat—Not on your life. I've got an idea.

Emi Lou—Let's hear it.

Pat—Well, you know, Zeb and I are going to Africa to—

Zeb—Get diamonds.

Pat—Correct, and to—

Zeb—Revolutionize Africa.

Emi Lou—Oh my! won't you take us along?

Zeb—Sure; the more the merrier

Hiwab—Well—(stutters for awhile.)

Pat—Wait a minute; Hiwab's choking over something to say.

Hiwab—Oh, I forgot what it was.

Emi Lou—When are we going?

Pat—Just as soon as we get our walking papers.

Peggy—What will we do over there?

Zeb—Dig diamonds.

Naillil—Well, what's this African business got to do with our rejected manuscript?

Pat—Oh, don't you see? We'll take it with us and publish it in Africa, for it's positively necessary that we have it published some place.

Naillil (sarcastically)—Superb! It will certainly interest the Africans.

Emi Lou—Really, it will be quite original for the whole class to migrate to Africa.

Hiwab—It will be like going on a picnic

Emi Lou—Yes, and I'll be the chaperone.

Zeb—I'll have my flying machine done soon, and we'll go in that.

Batoots—Will there be room for us all?

Zeb—Don't you worry; you don't take much room.

Naillil—I don't see how you people can talk so frivolously.

Pat—Gee! but Naillil feels blue; she looks almost the color of our pennant.

Emi Lou—Cheer up, Naillil; we're going to Africa and then you'll get all the bananas you can eat.

Naillil—Don't be silly; we can't go to Africa.

Zeb—Huh! can't go? I'd like to know why. Didn't I say we'd go in my flying machine?

Pat—Never mind, she'll give in after a while.

Naillil—Thank you. I hope I can, for I hate to see all the work on this manuscript wasted.

Emi Lou—No danger of it's being wasted, for those Africans will appreciate our attempt to help them.

Naillil—How nice that sounds. I hope it will prove true.

Zeb—It will prove just like a proposition in geometry.

Naillil—That certainly sounds encouraging.



Pat—Indeed it does, and after we have established the truth and value of our manuscript we will return to America.

Peggy—Thank goodness, we're coming back again. I'd hate to stay there all the time.

Zeb—Don't you fret; it won't be so bad when you get used to it.

Naed—Oh, it will be jolly fun. I will be the first to bring in the game of baseball.

Hiwab—You won't be the whole show. I'll introduce basket-ball.

Pat—Quit your fighting over athletics; that isn't what we're going for.

Peggy—I wonder if we'll see Roosevelt?

Zeb—Sure.

Naed—I move we adjourn.

Hiwab—Second the motion.

Zeb—Third it.

Naillil—Very well, you're adjourned.

### ACT III.

#### Scene 1. Landing in Africa, 1909.

Pat—Slow down; put on the emergency; drop easy.

Zeb—Aye, aye, Sir.

Emi Lou— (as they all jump out of the flying machine)—Oh, joy, we're here!

Peggy—There goes Teddy! Do hurry, I want to talk to him.

Hiwab—Gee! but it's good to walk on land again.

Peggy—Look at that "nigger," ain't he cute?

Naillil—A little darling.

Naed—I'm going out to arrange for a game for to-morrow.

Hiwab—So long, good luck to you, (Exit Naed)

Pat—Come on, kid, we've got to get to work if we're going to get any diamonds.

Zeb—Surest thing you know.

Emi Lou—How will I keep track of all you people if you are going to separate this way?

Pat—Don't have to keep track of us, we're out of school and aren't children any more.

Emi Lou—Pretty hard to make some people believe that.

Peggy—That's what I say.

Pat—Well, anyhow, we're going to get those diamonds.

Naillil—Good-bye. I hope you get a lot.

Zeb—Leave it to us.

Naillil—While you're getting your diamonds I'm going to see the king.

Peggy—She doesn't approve of our society, I guess.

Naillil—Well, I didn't come to Africa to stand on the coast to talk.

Pat—She's getting angry again.

Naillil—No, I'm not, but I must take this manuscript to the king. I'll come back when it's accepted. Good-bye.

Emi Lou—Good-bye.

Pat—We're going, too; good-bye.



Scene 2.—Kimberly, in palace of Gov. Hiwab, 1919.

Naed (producing pennant)—Look at this pennant I won in the Central African baseball series.

Zeb—You? Where do we come in at?

Pat—Never mind your baseball; what do you know about these? (showing diamonds)

Emi Lou—Oh, aren't they beautiful!

Pat—Yes, just like mother used to make.

Batoots—Where did you get them?

Zeb—Well—we didn't steal them. What's it to you, anyhow?

Pat—Just as if it concerned him. Some people have an awful crust.

Emi Lou—You boys certainly haven't changed any in ten years; you're always trying to find something to quarrel over. fl

Peggy—Those boys haven't done any better than we. I'm manager of my own theater now.

Pat—Bully for you!

Emi Lou—Yes, and I have been trying to keep the class together, but it was pretty hard since this baseball league had to move the boys all over Africa.

Peggy— (sighs)—Oh, dear, I wish Naillil would come back; I'm getting tired of staying here.

Hiwab—I wonder if my messenger could have neglected to obey my orders. I sent word to Naillil that the rest of the '09 class were here.

Pat—I suppose she is out at her school, or else still working with that manuscript; she hasn't time to waste on us.

Peggy—That's not true. I saw her last night and she said she would be here to-day.

(Flourish of trumpets as herald enters)

Herald—Your honor, the noble King Kakewah approaches with Haillil.

Peggy—Now, Pat, do you say she has forgotten us?

Pat—Sting—g—g—ed.

Hiwab—Bid them make way for the kind.

(Double flourish of trumpets as King and Naillil followed by train enter)

Hiwab (bowing to the ground)—Welcome, most glorious King!

King (waving aside his welcome)—Who are these whom I now have the pleasure of seeing?

Peggy (aside to Naillil)—Don't you ever leave us again. Why, some of the boys thought you weren't coming back at all.

Naillil—That was mean. Of course I would return after I had proved the value of our manuscript.

Hiwab—These are the members of my class from High School.

King—Ah, yes, the authors of this manuscript which was brought to me by Naillil.

Emi Lou—Do tell us what you thought of it, noble King.

King—I thought it very valuable and expect it to revolutionize Africa, but let Naillil tell you more, as I am quite fatigued from our long journey.



Zeb—All aboard, Naillil, tell us the whole story.

Naillil—There's not much of a story, but it makes me feel good to find someone who would appreciate our work.

King—Certainly a grand work.

Naillil—I thought the best thing to do would be to go direct to the king.

Zeb—Correct! I quite agree with you.

Naillil—The illustrious king welcomed me, and before him and his assembly I discussed our manuscript.

Peggy— (aside to Naillil)—Dear me, weren't you afraid of all the Zulus?

Naillil—The assembly was pleased with my discourse and accepted the manuscript at once.

King—Quite true. We never expected to come across such valuable papers. We Africans are not a selfish race, so we ordered copies of this paper to be printed and sent abroad throughout the realm of Africa.

Zeb—I wonder if any will hit us.

Pat—Don't be afraid, they won't knock you down.

Peggy—Indeed not; they'll make him stand up to admire.

Emi Lou—Well, Naillil, at last we have accomplished our mission. Are we going home now?

Peggy—Home! How good that sounds.

Zeb—I don't think it does. I'll have to leave my diamond mines.

Peggy—Why not pack them with you?

Hiwab—Silence! The king wishes to speak.

King—I am not accustomed to class meetings, so I will go; but before this great class leaves my realm I wish to tell you again that we Africans are not a selfish race; we will not keep your manuscript to ourselves, but rather will have it published throughout the world (Exit king and train while Zeb cuts up all sorts of tricks)

Emi Lou—Now, what do you think of that?

Naillil—I think it's dandy.

Peggy—Oh! I'm so glad we can go home now.

Zeb—These "Africans are not a selfish race," but let's leave them to their own country anyhow.

Naed—Yes, it's time to start.

Zeb—Come on, Pat, let's see if my flying machine is in order.

Finis.

## Athletics

### FOOT-BALL.

In the fall of '04 the school entered the athletic field with a strong team of foot-ball. This team defeated every High School team that it met. Then they tried Stanford's Freshmen Team but were defeated by the score of 12 to 0. This game showed the strength of the team as the Stanford '98 team was



the strongest Freshman team ever put out by that University. Everett White captained this team.

In the spring of '95 the team entered the A. A. L. Nothing further was done in foot-ball until the fall of '00. This year the team from the school, without a coach and with very little opportunity for training, entered the A. A. L. series, winning the Central Sub-League championship and tying with Belmont Military Academy for first place in the final game.

The results of the games are shown below:

Centerville .....	7	Lowell High .....	5
Centerville .....	16	Berkeley High .....	0
Centerville .....	10	Oakland High .....	0
Centerville .....	11	Boone's Academy .....	6
Centerville .....	0	Belmont Acad. 1st Game.	0
Centerville .....	0	Belmont Acad. 2nd Game	0

Much feeling was aroused by the game with Belmont and charges of unfair treatment by the A. A. L. were made. A request was made by the Centerville Team for a third game with Belmont but this was refused, where-upon the School withdrew from the A. A. L.

The line up was as follows:

Center	Charles Cummings	
Guards	Guy Craft	Frank Guarard
Tackles	Oscar Craft	Leland Carter
Ends	Leonard Rose	Anthony Bush
Quarter	Bert Huggle	
Halves	Kulman Salz	Jack Whipple
Full	Will Paterson	
Subs	Harry Tyson	Will Jefferies

Nearly all the players graduated the following spring. For the following few years the teams were very weak.

In the fall of '04 the foot-ball team received the coaching of Will Paterson. He also coached the team in '05. In the fall of '06 he managed to turn a league winning team.

Centerville .....	10	Berkeley .....	6
Centerville .....	default	Oakland Poly .....	
Centerville .....	0	Anderson's Academy ...	0
Centerville .....	12	Alameda .....	0
Centerville .....	6	Oakland .....	0
Centerville .....	4	Lick .....	0

After winning the Central League championship the team accepted a challenge from the Woodland High School for a game on Thanksgiving Day on their own grounds. Woodland won this game by a score of 12 to 5.

The line up was as follows:

Center	John Beard	
Guards	Tom Huxley	Arthur Juhl
Tackles	Arthur Haley	Ralph Lynch.
Ends	Ned Witherly	Robert Blacow
Quarter	Chester Hatch (Capt.)	
Halves	Richard Hunt	Woolsey Shaw
Full	Clement Renouf	

Subs: Eliot Meyer, Howard Houston, Hawley Beard.

Since then the team has done very little in foot-ball, the main trouble being lack of material.



In the year of '07 the team played a game with Fruitvale High and one with Anderson Academy, but was defeated in both. This team was captained by Howard Houston.

In the fall of '08 the team played Anderson Academy twice, tying in the first and beating them in the second. This team was captained by Hawley Beard.

### TRACK.

The beginning of the track athletics of the Centerville High School was in the spring of '00. The boys were ready for work and began hard training on the oval that was built in front of the School.

Having good material, they expected to do much, but when the School withdrew from the League the work on the track was dropped.

Nothing more was done with track until the spring of '07 when the High School again entered in the A. A. L. a team in cross country running, the boys being coached by Dr. C. A. Mills.

Ten schools were entered in the run. With 42 runners the School made fourth place. The runners finished as follows:

Clement Renouf (Capt.)	Finished	13th
Chas. Bez	"	14th
Harold Bodeutsch	"	17th
Hawley Beard	"	28th
Ralph Feusier	"	30th

The following year the School captured third place. There were seven schools entered with 38 runners. The runners from the School were:

Harold Bodeutsch	Finished	8th
Hawley Beard	"	9th
Charles Bez	"	10th
Ralph Feusier (Capt.)	"	14th
Austin Ellis	"	34th

In the spring of '09 the High School won second place. There were eight schools entered with 46 runners. The runners from this school were as follows:

Charles Bez (Capt.)	Finished	4th
Harold Bodeutsch	"	6th
Lloyd Mickle	"	14th
Edward Falk	"	17th
Hawley Beard	"	23rd
Earl Trimmingham	"	31st

The run this year was somewhat different from the two preceding years. The first two runs were road-races and this year it was a regular old English cross-country run.

### GIRLS' BASKET-BALL.

The first Girls' Basket-ball team to be organized at the High School was in the winter and spring of 1906 and 1907. This team won honors from the Livermore High School team by the score of 7 to 2. They also tied and then lost to the San Jose High by the score of 9 to 6.

The line up was as follows:



Guards: Misses Lucy Slayton, Ruth Shinn, Edna Sharpe.

Centers: Misses Winnie Hunt, Helen Farr, Emelita Mayhew.

Goals: Misses June Witherly, Elva Granville, Helen Sharpe.

The following year of 1907-8 the team was coached by Miss D. T. Spencer. The girls showed fine spirit in the games they played. They first beat the Berkeley girls by the score of 7 to 10, and then the Berkeley team beat them by a score of 17 to 12. The line up was as follows:

Guards: Misses Hattie Baldwin, Lucy Clayton (Captain).

Centers: Misses Helen Baldwin, Irma Saxe, Beatrice Lernhart.

Goals: Misses June Witherly, Alma Morris.

This team retained Miss Spencer as Coach the following year. The team played well, but also against luck, as they lost to Berkeley High by a score of 17 to 7. They played two games with Haywards High, losing the first by the score of 6 to 7 but winning the second by a score of 10 to 6. They also won from the Campbell High by a score of 27 to 6. The line up was as follows:

Guards: Misses Hattie Baldwin, Aloyse Sinnott.

Centers: Misses Agnes Lernhart, Helen Sharpe, Helen Baldwin (Capt.)

Goals: Misses Helen Blacow, Doris Jacobus.

Of the graduates of the High who played on the University teams are: Winnie Hunt and Ruth Shinn; Winnie Hunt was Captain of the U. C. Freshman team of '08.

### BASE-BALL.

Of all sports in the High School baseball has received the least support. The chief of the opponents of the High School is Anderson's Academy.

In 1906 the team, under the captainship of Julian Jacobus, defeated Livermore High School team by the score of three to two. After this the school played Anderson's Academy a series of seven games, but lost by three games to four. The line up was as follows:

Edward Withehrly .....	Pitcher
Arthur Whipple .....	Catcher
Clement Renouf .....	First Base
Warner Newby .....	Second Base
Ralph Lynch .....	Third Base
Julian Jacobus (Capt.) .....	Short Stop
Chester Hatch .....	Left Field
Dean Preston .....	Center Field
Richard Hunt .....	Right Field

The next year we entered the A. A. L., but lost all the league games. To our joy we took Anderson's scalp by a score of eleven to ten. The Alumni stood no show with us this year. At the end of the game we had 15 runs to their four.

In 1908 the only game worth mentioning was that which was played in the latter part of the term. We let our old rivals, Anderson's Academy, have two runs and we made three. The line up was as follows:

Dean Preston (Capt.) .....	Pitcher
Edward Falk .....	Catcher
Fred Basler .....	First Base



William Peters .....	Second Base
Howard Houston .....	Third Base
Harold Bodeutsch .....	Short Stop
George Moller .....	Left Field
Earl Trimmingham .....	Center Field
Charles Bez .....	Right Field

This year, on account of late rains, baseball received a poor start. Material was better than in any former year. Anderson's defeated us with the help of their faculty in the first game. We then started a series with Haywards High School. They defeated us in two games owing to lack of team work. The line up was as follows:

Dean Preston (Capt.) .....	Pitcher
Edward Falk .....	Catcher
Fred Basler .....	First Base
William Peters .....	Second Base
Everett Richmond .....	Third Base
Harold Bodeutsch .....	Short Stop
Earl Trimmingham .....	Left Field
Charles Bez .....	Center Field
Lawrence Bunting .....	Right Field

HAWLEY W. BEARD.

## Class Prophecy

As I sat at my desk in school thinking of the task that lay before me the gray walls of the building faded away and I found myself one of the busy reporters on the Examiner staff. At last that great desire of my life had been realized, for in my hand I held my commission to go to Paris to report the great World's Fair being held there.

A flying trip across the continent and a more leisurely one across the ocean brought me to the gay and much loved Paris. I found Paris a very large and beautiful city. People from all over the world were there to visit the Fair. After viewing the different departments I came at last to the center of attraction, the Great Aeroplane, the invention of Prof. Lazare Nicholas Marguerite Carnot. As this invention bid fair to revolutionize our mode of travel, I determined to write an extensive article concerning it for the Examiner and so sought the great inventor. Inquiring into the details of the aeroplane, I began a conversation with the Professor concerning his early life. To my surprise I found him to be my old classmate, Charles Bez. We were overjoyed to meet. Old times and friends were discussed. When I told him I had just received an aerogram to proceed to the Sahara where a communication with Mars was to be attempted, he very graciously put his aeroplane at my disposal and together we decided to make a tour of the world.

As soon as the Fair was over we were on our way. No accidents marred our pleasure until we neared Lisbon when the storage battery failed us and we came to anchorage. When news of our arrival reached the king, he at once sought permission to have the aeroplane exhibited before the nobility and diplomatic corps. And who should be representing our glorious Union but Frank Bernardo. As his guests we enjoyed the hospitality of Lisbon.



As the date of Mars' proximity to the earth was near at hand we hastened on. As we crossed the African desert some of the natives fled in terror, taking us for avenging spirits, while others, of more warlike nature, stopped to annihilate us with their bows and arrows. However, luck was with us for we soon came to the oasis, where the astronomical deputation was located. My affiliation with the leading newspaper of the United States, together with Prof. Bez's world-wide reputation, at once gained for us every mark of attention and we were immediately introduced to the head astronomer, Austin Ellis. He told us that it had been his great ambition for the past ten years to communicate with Mars and we remained there long enough to see his hopes realized.

About this time a Boxer uprising in China caused a message to be sent me to proceed at once to the scene of trouble. Our provisions being low we stopped at Naples to replenish our supply. Here in this land of sunshine and flowers we could not but remain a day. While wandering through the gardens we met Clara Haensel. We thought that she was teaching English in some of the schools, but upon inquiry found that she had fallen under the influence of Caliope and was expressing in verse the wonders and beauties of Italy.

But more important duties were before us, so we proceeded to China, where we found conditions far worse than we had imagined. At one of the little missions we found all gathered in a fortified place but were strictly guarded by the enemy. Famine stared them in the face when we, sailing over the heads of their enemies, alighted within their walls and were able to convey them to a more friendly locality. Among this little band was Lillian Sandholdt, who fondly had devoted the last eight years of her life to spreading the gospel in this heathen land.

After reporting the Boxer uprising, our next commission was to Panama, where at last the two great oceans were to be joined, and I was anxious to reach there in time to see the first ship pass through. After due preparation we started on the trip across the Pacific and arrived in time to witness the joining of the two waters which was successfully completed through the ability of Hawley Beard. All were loud in their praise of his great workmanship.

As Prof. Bez wished to cross the Atlantic to complete his trip around the world he decided to drop me at New York which he did in a very disastrous manner, for, the dynamo refusing to work, we came to earth with greater force than we had anticipated, causing us to be taken to the nearest hospital. Here, owing to Mrs. Mowry's skill as a nurse, we were soon able to depart on our separate ways.

Having traversed the entire globe and met all of the old Class of '09, I naturally wished to renew my acquaintance with the old building and the instructors. Here great changes met my eye and I had considerable trouble in finding the old place. For all the towns that once dotted our beautiful valley had combined under the name of Wrightville, taking its name from him whose influence had caused a new Boston to flourish in California. As I approached, the sounds I heard were strange to my ear. The noise of the



hammer soon foretold that Mr. Burr's influence had also been felt and here Manual Training and Culture were advancing hand in hand. I soon met Prof. Wright but my search for the others was almost fruitless. Only one other familiar voice greeted me. As I passed an open door I heard an old familiar saying, "Self-Control and Consideration for Others." I knew it could be none other than Mrs. Kneiss. She was glad to see me as I was her. I inquired about the other teachers and learned that Mr. Moyer was singing in the Cathedral of Cologne, while the once young ladies, having learned, through the introduction of Domestic Science in the school curriculum, that home making viewed from a scientific standpoint was more alluring than they had imagined, had decided to make a practical test, and I am glad to say had found it satisfactory.

An extra loud tap on the desk by Mr. Wright, demanding attention, awakened me from my revelry. Alas, it was only a dream. My task was still before me, my ambition still to be realized.

DEAN B. PRESTON.

## Alumni Roll

1892.

MAY BURDICK, Classical. A. B. California University, 1895-1899. Married W. Graham and living in Newark.

1893

DANIEL CROSBY, Literary. M. D. Cooper Medical Institute, 1895-1898. Physician in Fruitvale, E. 14th and Fruitvale Ave.

WILLIAM JARVIS, Scientific. C. E. California University, 1893-1897. Civil engineer in Hawaiian Islands.

1894

EZRA DECOTO, Literary. B. L. California University, 1896-1897. Lawyer in Oakland, Bacon bldg.

JOSEPH JARVIS, Literary. California University, 1894-1898. Died July 1st, 1907.

CLARENCE MARTENSTEIN, Literary. Mech. engineer.—California University, 1895-1899. In Hall of Records—Niles.

JAMES WHIPPLE, Literary. California University, 1896-1900. Mining at Amalga, Alaska.

LAURA THANE, Scientific. Married J. Whipple—Amalga, Alaska.

FITZ JARVIS, Scientific. D. D. S. California University. Dentist in Oakland, 472 Merrimac St.

OLIVE LAMB, Scientific. Married Walter Bristol—Newark.

1895

JUSTICE OVERACKER, Literary. Stanford, 1896-1898. Farming near Mission San Jose.

JOSEPH HAINES, Scientific. California University, 1895. Assayer in Goldfield—Decoto.

BARTLETT THANE, Scientific. California University, 1895-1899. Mining in Amalga, Alaska.

EUGENE MATHEWS, Scientific. Living in Alvarado.

MABEL YATES, Classical. California University, 1897-1899. At home in Centerville.

ANNE SANDHOLDT, Literary. Married J. T. Hegert, residing at 2913 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley.



- LEONARD JARVIS, Literary. Gold mining at Cape Norne. Home at 2019 Haste St., Berkeley.
- MAX McCULLOUGH, Classical. Teaching in Philippine Islands. 1896.
- CONSTANCE ROSE, Literary. Mills College, 1896-1898. Died in 1898.
- HENRY PATERSON, Literary. California University, 1896-'00 Ranching near Centerville.
- JOHN BLACOW, Literary. Cashier of Alvarado Bank—Centerville.
- GEORGE EMERSON, Scientific. Stanford, 1896. Works at Court House, Oakland.
- ARTHUR HALEY, Literary. Post graduate, 1896-1898. Ranching near Newark.
- KATE ELLSWORTH, Classical. In employ of Osgood Drug Co., 7th and Broadway, Oakland.
- STELLA HALEY, Literary. Married J. Ingalls.
- LOUISE OLNEY, Literary. Married Rob. Moses and residing in the Hawaiian Islands.
- HARRY SALZ, Classical. Post graduate California University, 1897-1898. Musician at Mill Valley.
- ARTHUR YATES, Classical. California University, 1896-1897. Residing at Centerville.
- FRED ROBERTSON, Classical. California University, 1896-1897. Mail Clerk; residence at 2239 15th St. care Mrs. R. Waite.
- BERTRAND MOODY, Literary. 1897.
- LOUIS DECOTO, Scientific. Mining engineer—Decoto.
- MAY HAINES, Literary. San Jose Normal. Teaching in Decoto.
- HARRY HAINES, Literary. Lick, 1899. Works at Armour Institute, Chicago. Residence, Miles City, Montana.
- ANTONE DUTRE, Scientific. Bookkeeper and Commission Merchant, Warm Springs.
- BLANCHE BLACOW, Literary P. G. 1897-1898, S. J. Normal. Teacher in Alameda.
- FRANK GARCIA, Literary. Commission merchant in San Francisco. Residence, Decoto.
- ELSIE WOOD, Scientific.
- JESSIE BEARD, Literary P. G. U. C. 1898-1900. Nurse in San Francisco. Centerville.
- HERBERT ELLER, Literary D. D. S. Cal. College Dentist. Etna Mills, Siskiyou Co., California. 1898.
- MARY CONNORS, Literary. In employ of Telephone Co., San Francisco.
- ELBERT HUGILL, Literary P. G. 1899 Oakland Polytechnic. Superintendent of U. C. grounds, Berkeley.
- ALICE GIBBONS, Literary. U. C. 1898-99. Married. Employed in San Francisco.
- FRANK REYNOLDS, Scientific. San Jose Normal, 1898-1900. Stanford. Principal Irvington Grammar School, Irvington.
- FLORENCE HUDSON, Classical. U. C. 1898-1902. Holder of Levi Strauss Scholarship. Teacher in C. H. S. Residence, Niles.
- FLORENCE MAYHEW, Classical. U. C. 1898-1902. Married Joseph Shinn. Residence, Niles.
- MILA RIX, Literary. Married Garret Norris. Residence, Centerville.
- ROB ROY DENNY, Literary, U. C. 1898. Manager of Bank at Etna Mills, Cal. 1899.
- LELAND JACOBUS, Scientific. Employ of Oakland Improv. Co. Residence, Boulder Creek, Cal.



FERN SMITH, Literary P. G. 1899.  
Married Harry Green. Residence,  
Niles.

JOHN WHIPPLE, Commercial. P. G.  
U. C. 1900. Farming at Decoto.

OSCAR KRAFT, Literary. Employed  
at State Capitol, Sacramento.

GRACE PETERSON, Commercial.  
Married J. Jarvis. Home, 2019  
Haste St., Berkeley.

HELEN HALEY, Literary P. G. 1899-  
1901. Married in Philippines.  
Home in Philippines.

MAGGIE ROGERS, Literary. Em-  
ployed in San Francisco. Center-  
ville.

WILLIAM PATTERSON, Literary  
P. G. Stanford 1900. Farming at  
Newark.

1900.

CHARLES CUMMINGS, Literary.  
Deputy County Clerk, Irvington.

GUY KRAFT, Commercial. Em-  
ployed by Oakland Traction Co.,  
Berkeley.

ALICE OLNEY, Literary P. G. 1900.  
Married Guy Jacobus. Residence,  
3040 Grove St., Berkeley.

MAY MATTOS, Literary. At home,  
Centerville.

JOHN L. ROSE, Classical. Lawyer  
in Oakland. Lives at Newark.

CLYDE SMITH, Literary, U. C. 1900.  
Presbyterian minister, Berkeley.

WILLIAM NORRIS, Classical, U. C.  
1900. Bookkeeper. Residence,  
1201 Union St., Alameda.

1901.

CHARLES HALEY, Classical. Min-  
ing in Goldfield.

CHARLES GALT, Lawyer, Pleas-  
anton.

CONSTANCE JORDAN, Literary.  
Teacher in Livermore.

KULLMAN SALZ, Literary. Em-  
ployed in Tannery, Benicia.

1902.

STUART CHISHOLM, Literary.  
2531 Etna Street, Berkeley.

ALICE HUDSON, Classical. Book-  
keeper and stenographer. Resi-  
dence, Niles.

BESS HUDSON, Classical. School  
Teacher, Yreka.

EDITH JONES, Classical. Book-  
keeper and stenographer. Resi-  
dence, Niles.

EMMA BLACOW, Literary. Mar-  
ried R. O. Hoedel. Residence,  
2425 Woolsey Street, Berkeley.

INEZ WHIPPLE, Literary. At home,  
Decoto.

JOSEPHINE NOLL, Literary Teach-  
er in Alameda. Residence, Irving-  
ton.

1903.

MARY JACKSON, Literary. Teach-  
ing in Decoto.

BELLE JARVIS, Literary. At home,  
2019 Haste Street, Berkeley.

NELLIE JARVIS, Literary. At home,  
2019 Haste Street, Berkeley.

MARIE SANDHOLDT, Classical. U.  
C. 1903-1907. P. G. 1908. Teach-  
er in Centerville Grammar School.

MANUEL TELLES, Scientific. Farm-  
ing near Mission, San Jose.

1904.

ELMA SALZ, Literary. At home,  
Centerville.

HERMAN BOFELMAN, Scientific.  
In employ of Oakland Traction Co.  
Residence, 2333 College Ave.,  
Bachelordon House, Berkeley.

EDWIN WHIPPLE, Scientific. Ar-  
chitect in Chico. Residence, De-  
coto.

WILLIAM GRANVILLE, Scientific.  
Bookkeeper for Reliance Lumber  
Co. Residence, 1048 E. 15th St.,  
E. Oakland.



1905.

- MRS. RUNCKEL, Literary. Teaching in Niles. Residence, Niles.
- EMILY PERRY SILVERA, Literary. Married M. Castro. At home, Centerville.
- HAROLD ROGERS, Literary. Attending U. C. Home, Centerville. Teacher in Alviso Grammar School. Residence, Niles.
- JESSIE GRAHAM, Literary. At home, 6417 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.
- CLARE HUDSON, Literary. Attending U. C. Residence, 2500 College Ave., Berkeley.
- FRANCES PETERS, Classical. Teacher in Mowry's Landing Grammar School. Residence, Irvington.
- GRETCHEN POWELL, Classical. Bookkeeper for Western Meat Co., South San Francisco.

1906.

- OLIVE BONNER, Literary. Teacher in Niles Grammar School. Residence, Niles.
- RUTH SHINN, Classical P. G. Attending U. C. Residence, 2531 Benvenue Ave., Berkeley.
- JOSEPH BAER, Literary.
- EUGENE SHAW, Scientific. Mining in Alaska. Valdez, Alaska.
- EDITH GRANVILLE, Literary. Mount Zion Hospital, San Francisco. Residence, 2341 Sutter St., San Francisco.
- SHELTON SANFORD, Classical. Stenographer at Adams Wharf, Oakland. Residence, Irvington.
- JULIAN JACOBUS, Scientific. Works in Oakland Bank of Savings. Residence, 3040 Grove St., Berkeley.
- ARTHUR WHIPPLE, Scientific. Manager of a warehouse in Alviso. Residence, Decoto.

1907.

- EMELITA MAYHEW, Classical. Attending U. C. Residence, Niles.
- LULU HANSEN, Literary. Attending U. C. Residence, Centerville.
- WINNIE HUNT, Scientific. Attending U. C. Residence, Niles..
- OLIVE BENBOW, Literary. Married S. M. Tully, Los Banos.
- LELA NOLL, Literary. Attending San Jose Normal. Residence, Irvington.
- BESSIE COOK, Literary. Attending San Jose Normal. Residence, Irvington.
- GERTRUDE PETERSON, Literary. Attending San Jose Normal. Residence, Decoto.
- NANCY McKEOWN, Literary. Bookkeeper and stenographer, Newark.
- CLEMENT RENOUF, Scientific. Mining in Amalga, Alaska.
- HARRISON SNYDER, Classical. Attending U. C. Residence, Niles.
- WOLSEY SHAW, Scientific. In employ of C. Shaw & Co., Warm Springs.
- JOHN BEARD, Scientific. Studying for trained nurse at City and County Hospital, San Francisco. Residence, Centerville.
- GRACE JACKSON, Literary. Attending San Jose Normal, Irvington.
- EDWARD WITHERLY, Scientific. Electrician, Irvington.
- RICHARD HUNT, Scientific. Attending Business College. Residence, Niles.
- ROBERT BLACOW, Scientific. County Experts office, copyist. Residence, Centerville.
- ARTHUR HALEY, Scientific. Attending U. C. Residence, Centerville.



1908.

BEATRICE LERNHART, Scientific.  
Employed in drug store, Centerville.

EDITH LERNHART, Literary. Attending San Jose Normal. Residence, Centerville.

RUTH HOUSTON, Literary. Attending Miscal Seminary, Chicago. Residence, Centerville.

HOWARD HOUSTON, Scientific. In employ of Britain Hardware Co., San Francisco. Residence, Centerville.

ANNIE LOWRIE, Scientific. Attending Business School, San Francisco. Residence, Centerville.

ELLA LOWRIE, Literary. Attending San Jose Normal. Residence, Centerville.

RALPH FEUSIER, Scientific. Attending U. C. Residence, Sunol.

VIOLA GEORGE, Classical. Attending San Jose Normal. Residence, Decoto.

DORIS WHIPPLE, Scientific. Attending San Jose Normal. Residence, Decoto.

JUNE WITHERLY, Literary. Attending San Jose Normal. Residence, Irvington.

LUCILLE SLAYTON, Literary. Married Harry Moore, Rosenberg, Canada.

## In Memoriam

# John Caffanay, '12



BORN

OCTOBER 10, 1892. MISSION SAN JOSE

DIED

APRIL 26, 1909. NEWARK



A life marked by courage, sincerity, and truth





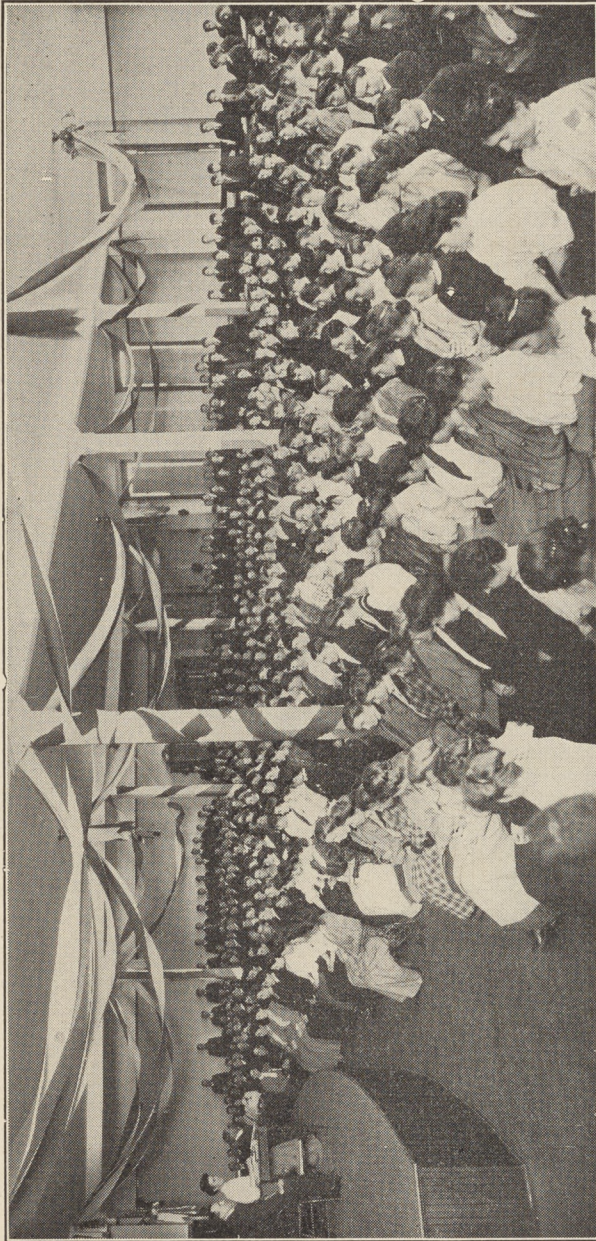
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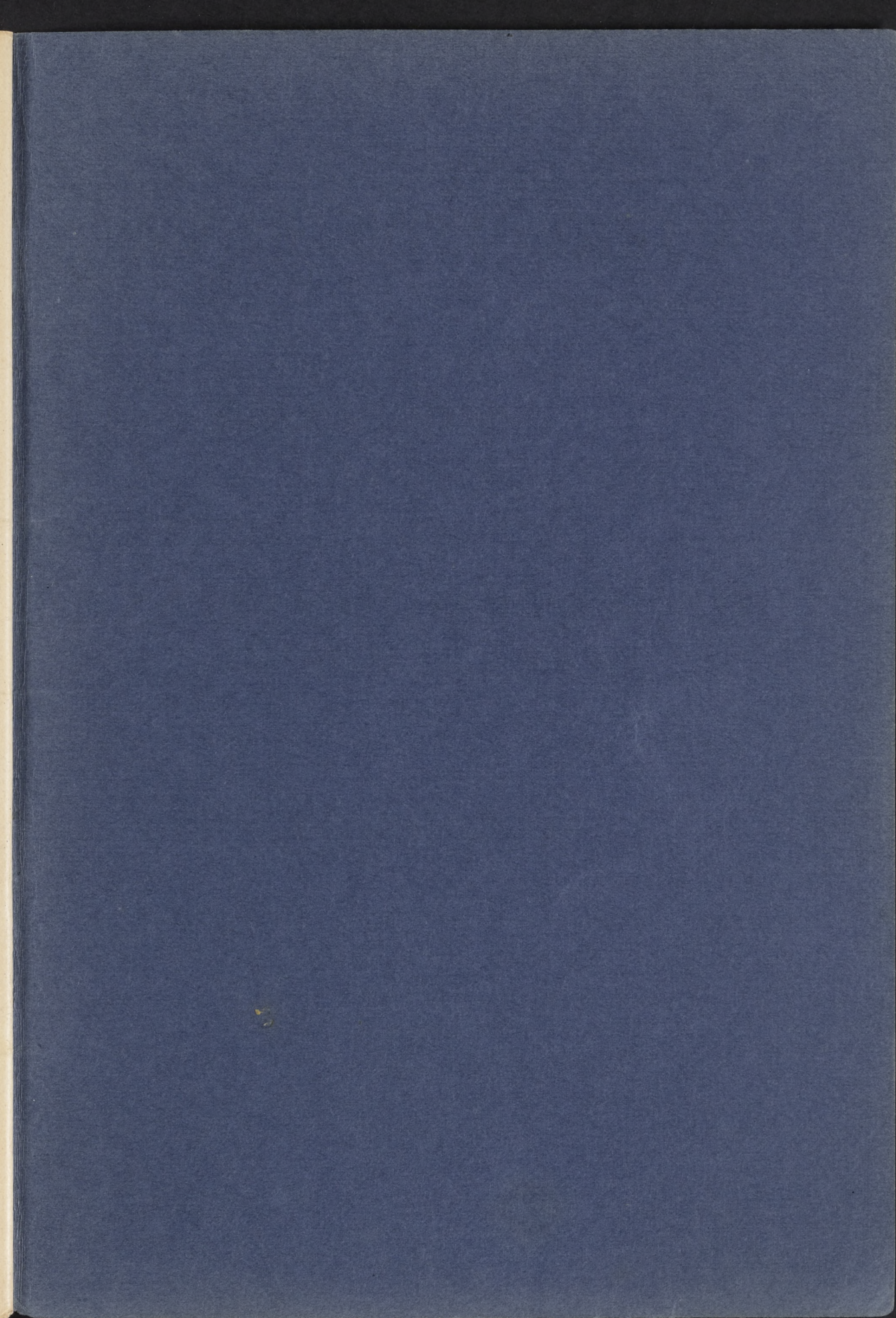
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